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HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.

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 and press rooms.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 27, 1907.

To have shared with any human
 being any one deep sensation of joy
 or of sorrow sinks deep the founda-
 tions of a lasting love.—Coleridge.

The Time to Rally.

The Times-Dispatch has great pride in
 Richmond. It is a noble city, and just
 now the eyes of the whole State are upon
 us, watching the progress of our cam-
 paign for the Y. M. C. A. building fund.
 This institution occupies a unique posi-
 tion in the community. It is a religious
 institution which represents all denomina-
 tions, and in great part it represents
 the religious sentiment of Richmond. It
 is an institution for the welfare of young
 men, and there is a commercial element
 involved which cannot be ignored. It is
 good business to have a first-rate Y.
 M. C. A., and the business world un-
 derstands it. A first-rate Y. M. C. A.
 is a sign not only of the religious spirit,
 but of the progressive spirit of the com-
 munity.

Richmond started out to raise \$200,000
 for a new building, and it was promised
 that the campaign should be short, sharp
 and decisive. We started out to beat
 the world's record, to raise the largest
 sum of money ever raised in the same
 time. Our young men have worked in-
 dustriously and chivalrously. They
 have given their goodwill service
 as well as their money. They
 have worked for God and humanity,
 and their efforts richly deserve success.
 It will be too bad to let the campaign fail.
 It will be humiliating. We are all so
 proud of Richmond, and during the year
 1907 she will be very much in the public
 eye.

Is there not enough civic pride in Rich-
 mond to save the day? Are we willing,
 as a people, to let it be said that we
 could not do what we set out to do?
 We can do it, you know. We have the
 money—we are rich—we are able to give
 a million. It is not a question of ability.
 It is a question of willingness. Shall the
 campaign fail? If so, it will not be a
 Y. M. C. A. failure. It will be a RICH-
 MOND FAILURE. We can't afford it.
 There are several days yet remaining to
 us. The cause can be saved. Failure
 may be averted. Glorious success is yet
 within our grasp. Let us reach out and
 grasp it. It will be a noble Sunday re-
 solve.

Bedraggled Art.

Oscar Wilde's infamous play, "Salome,"
 was first offered to Sarah Bernhardt, but
 she declined it after having been apprised
 by the author that he had sought only
 to make something "crude and sensual."
 With such a purpose there is no wonder
 that an author with Wilde's intellect and
 utter lack of moral sensibility should
 have succeeded in his design. Nor is it
 strange that the play of such an author
 should be a perversion. There is no men-
 tion of Salome by name in the simple
 Bible story of the execution of John the
 Baptist. St. Mark tells us in a few words
 that Herodias, the wife of Herod, had a
 quarrel against John, because that stern
 and fearless preacher had denounced
 Herod to his face for marrying his brother
 Philip's wife in defiance of law. John
 was thrown into prison and Herodias
 bided her time. "And when a convenient
 day came, that Herod on his birthday
 made a supper to his lords, high
 captains and chief estates of Galilee, and
 when the daughter of the said Herodias
 came in and danced and pleased Herod
 and them that sat with him, the King
 said to the damsel, 'Ask me of what-
 soever thou wilt, and I will give it thee.'"
 The damsel went to her mother for ad-
 vice, and Herodias told her to ask for
 the head of John the Baptist. Where-
 upon the King sent his executioner, and
 he returned with the head of the prophet
 on a charger and delivered it to the dam-
 sel, and she delivered it to her mother;
 and Herodias was avenged.

Oscar Wilde's narrative is totally differ-
 ent. He makes Salome the central figure
 of the play, and according to his version
 she possesses her heart to John the Baptist,
 who is called Jokanaan in the play. She
 makes violent love to John, and in the
 most sensuous way asks for a kiss. John
 repulses her and she replies significantly
 that she will yet kiss his lips by and by.
 Herod is madly in love with Salome, and
 begs her to dance for him. She reluctantly
 consents, but finally gives the most
 lascivious dance known to the art, dis-
 playing as she dances. This scene is made
 all the more disgusting by the brutal
 conduct of Herod while the dance pro-
 ceeds. Finally, when the dance is ended,
 Herod is so infatuated that he orders
 to give her whatsoever she may ask, and
 she demands the head of Jokanaan. Her
 request is granted, and the severed head,
 brought upon the stage, Salome takes
 the gruesome object in her hand, talks

to it, caresses it, kisses the ashen lips,
 and presses her teeth into the gold flesh.
 The cautious Herod is so disgusted with
 this brutality that he orders the woman
 to be killed in his presence; and the cur-
 tain goes down.

Yet a large and representative audience
 in New York saw this play, which has
 been set to music by Richard Strauss,
 and so far from manifesting disgust, gave
 every evidence of delightful appreciation,
 according to the reports in the New York
 papers. If this be a token of the taste
 and moral sense of New York, it is not
 surprising that that city should have in
 its gay set the Harry Thaw, the Evelyn
 Nesbit and the host of others of their
 kind, and the coincidence of the Oscar
 Wilde performance and the Harry Thaw
 trial in the same week has a significance
 upon which New York may seriously re-
 flect.

This phase of the subject, however,
 is a matter with which New York is
 alone concerned. Every city is en-
 titled to its own taste and standard
 of morals, but there is another phase
 with which the whole world is con-
 cerned. A great musician has clothed
 this filthy play with divine music,
 "From beginning to end," says a critic
 of the performance, "Wilde's play is
 swallowed in this music. It is as though
 the sheer burning power of Strauss
 had melted the filth into a golden fluid."
 All that Wilde's words would summon, the
 music summons with tenfold expres-
 siveness. In vividness of delineation,
 characterization and suggestion, it
 seems to transcend the limits of tones
 as Strauss himself—and none other—
 has hitherto set them. It speaks char-
 acter as in the singularly empty, fitful,
 sinister, almost obscene sequence
 of tones that denotes Herod. It re-
 sponds to every phase of Salome's pas-
 sion to the white glow, the unfathom-
 able depth, the shrill frenzy of it. It
 proclaims the prophet and thunders
 with his voice. The Jews cackle and
 wrangle through it. The soldiers speak
 their curiosity or their fears. Tones
 picture the boddy moon, the ominous
 wind, the blackness of the pit, the fall
 of Jokanaan's head. The fullness
 of tones that marches through the play
 stalks in them. They warm to the
 opulence, or turn acid with the bit-
 terness of Wilde's imagery. They seize
 the languorous, the whirling, the quiv-
 ering rhythms of the dance. They catch
 the glitter of Herod's jewels. They utter
 all these things with a piercing
 intensity or with a sweeping sonority.
 The eloquence, the vividness never flag.
 They are like almost inaudible in-
 credibly, incredibly luminous, incredibly
 commanding speech."

We teach our children that art is
 divine, and that it is refined and re-
 fining. But in this case art has de-
 graded both itself and its votaries.
 Not only has it consorted with
 sensuality and lowliness, but it has
 employed its cunning and allurements
 to aid, abet and popularize a vile per-
 formance, Strauss, who composed the
 music, and the men and women who
 sang the score, and all, made their
 art subservient to the polluted imagina-
 tion of a pervers. Such a desecra-
 tion is enough to arouse the righteous
 indignation and resentment of every
 true artist and amateur.

Federal Jurisdiction.

Senator Beveridge justifies his bill
 to regulate child labor through the opera-
 tion of the interstate commerce law on
 the score that the working of children
 is a national evil, and can only be stopped
 by a national remedy. There are many
 national evils; does Mr. Beveridge
 propose to deal with all by national legis-
 lation?
 There are some subjects which, from
 the nature of the case, the individual
 States cannot regulate. One of these is
 interstate commerce, and the framers of
 the Constitution recognized that. But
 no one of them ever imagined that this
 provision of national law would ever be
 so perverted as to usurp the reserved
 rights of the States. Mr. Beveridge
 says that his remedy could be applied with-
 out raising the disputed question of
 States' rights, "by invoking the absolute
 power of Congress over interstate com-
 merce." That is a subterfuge which is
 unworthy of any honest man. There is
 no relation between interstate commerce
 and child labor. One is a material ques-
 tion, the other a moral question, and it
 would be an arrogant usurpation for Con-
 gress to employ the interstate commerce
 law as a police regulation in such a case.
 Scarcely less objectionable than the
 Beveridge bill is the bill introduced by
 Senator Simmons, of North Carolina,
 which makes it unlawful for an inter-
 state carrier to transport from the State
 of production into another State products
 of a mine or factory in which children
 are employed or permitted to work in
 violation of the child labor laws of the
 State in which the factory or mine is
 located. What has the national govern-
 ment to do with this question? The
 Times-Dispatch is heartily in favor of
 legislation to protect the little children.
 It has even gone so far as to advocate
 compulsory education. But these are sub-
 jects which belong exclusively to the
 States, and Congress has no business to
 interfere. We are not surprised at Sen-
 ator Beveridge, for he is a Federalist.
 We are surprised at Senator Simmons,
 for he was elected as a Southern Demo-
 crat.

A Call for Conservatism.

"Legislation is getting more and more
 hostile against corporations and capital
 in every form," said a Wall Street writer
 the other day. "Capital is getting dis-
 gusted, and, as Mr. Rockefeller said, 1907
 would be a year in which the man who
 carried the dinner pail would suffer most."
 Corporations may well be alarmed at this
 state of public sentiment, but the blame
 must fall upon some of their own repre-
 sentatives. "A man who supposes that
 a railroad exists primarily to haul things
 from one place to another is an old fogy,"
 says another writer. "Harrison says that
 there is far more money in the financial
 end of the railroad than there is in the
 commonplace business of moving freight."
 And the London Economist thus com-
 ments upon the latest Harrison
 episode: "We are left with the impression
 that Mr. Harrison keeps a sharper eye on
 Wall Street than on the Union Pacific
 Railroad, and that he uses the enormous
 funds placed at his disposal to carry out
 his own ambitious schemes, without much
 regard for the interests of the shareholders."
 The system which places a few men in
 a position to raise or depress prices at
 will, through the big holdings of stock

and larger funds at their disposal, is
 not one which encourages the small in-
 vestor, who is naturally doubtful of his
 earthenware pot will stand among such
 a crowd of big brass vessels. It is to this
 condition that the present somewhat strained
 condition of the American market is
 largely due, as it is only by investment
 that permanent relief can be found
 from the burden of undigested securi-
 ties. Following on the scandals in con-
 nection with the management of the funds
 of the New York Life and Mutual Insur-
 ance Companies, the present disclosure
 of the mysterious of American high finance
 is calculated to cause a feeling of dis-
 trust, which not even the record prosper-
 ity of the country can altogether counter-
 act. Good times cannot last forever, and
 when bad times come how will they be
 met? Certainly not by the sacrifice
 of the fortunes of the millionaires of Wall
 Street, if those gentlemen can help it.

Our capitalists of finance have juggled
 with great corporations for their own
 profit and trifled with the public interest
 until public indignation has at last aroused.
 It was high time that these capitalists
 should be court-martialed, but there is
 now danger that public indignation will
 carry too far and defeat its own end.
 We have a great country, we have great
 property, and for the sake of punishing
 the evildoers we must not destroy prop-
 erty and prosperity and thereby punish
 ourselves. This is the time for American
 conservatism to assert itself. We must
 not play the part of Samson and pull
 down the structure upon our own heads.

"Coming Home."

The Times-Dispatch publishes to-day a
 home-coming song, by Rev. W. T. Hund-
 ley. It has the true ring and it should
 catch the popular ear:
 "From the shores of California,
 Where the orange blossoms grow;
 From New England's rocky headlands,
 Where the sea breezes blow;
 From the rice fields and the cane brakes,
 To the British wide domain,
 Come the sons of Old Virginia—
 They are coming home again."
 It's good. Let the people take up the
 refrain.
 God grant that thousands of the wan-
 derers will catch the spirit of it, wherever
 they may be, and meet this year on the
 Old Virginia shore and sing the home-
 coming hymn. A warm welcome awaits
 every one of them who will come.

Contrary Winds.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)
 "He saw them tolling in rowing, for the
 wind was contrary unto them."—Mark vi.
 48.
 The winds are always contrary to those
 who have any high and earnest purpose
 in life. Careless sailors drifting on the
 currents, with no aim but pleasure, find
 life a pastime—for a time.
 But those who have a pilot, a compass,
 a laid-out course, and are in haste upon
 the errand of Heaven, are kept to the
 full strain of vigilance, lest the wind
 should sweep them backward; often hand-
 weary and heart-weary, they are tempt-
 ed to give up all effort and let things
 drift.

An earnest purpose alone gives us
 measure of the influences which surround
 us. The stirring of a high and godly
 purpose in life is like a swirling round
 with the head to the current. Thence-
 forth every thought must be an effort,
 every thought a prayer, or the stream
 will sweep you away.
 Be patient, firm, courageous; struggle
 on, and strength will flow into you from
 unseen sources. Life will gather force
 as it breaks the billows. It will sweep
 onward with ever strengthening impetus,
 and things will learn at length that they
 must follow you.

Without question, life is a hard matter
 to the earnest soul; the night is dark,
 the toll hard. But faith directs us to
 look steadily at Him for whom the night
 was darker still and the toll harder, but
 who now is seated a radiant Conqueror
 at the right hand of the throne of God.
 Let us look at the broad fact of the
 contrariness of the current in life. We
 do not mean the shock of some great
 storm, which tears us from our anchor
 and dashes us, maimed and wrecked, on a
 rock-bound shore. Happy they who have
 never been seized and swept, helpless,
 by some great tempest of calamity! It
 is not, then, of storms we speak, but of
 the constant, steady set of the current
 against us.

With one it is a lifelong struggle to
 fulfill the duty of some uncongenial call-
 ing—with no hope of escape and yet
 all the while conscious of hidden power.
 Why does he not extricate himself?
 Perhaps the current is too strong; and
 some, by the holiest and most noble re-
 sourses, are bound to conditions which make
 their life-cruise a round of hard and un-
 loved duty until death.
 There are others who are crossed in
 their dearest hopes. Life with them is
 one long and sad regret. They pull
 steadily and bravely at the oars of duty;
 but the thought is never absent, "It
 might be sweeping, with every sail spread,
 on a golden, swift flood; and, instead of
 this weary loneliness, have had to the
 full sympathy, tenderness and love."

There are others with a weak or crippled
 body, enshrining a spirit of nobility
 faculty. They writhe and rage, until they
 learn patience under the discipline
 of life.
 And there are others, whose home in-
 fluence is marred by some habit which
 brings darkness and distress to those
 who are dearest. In vain they strive to
 "curb it; it seems to have full mastery.
 And yet ever and anon, by a new effort,
 progress, if slow, is made; and most of
 us find that something is always rising
 up to cross us, as if to teach us that this
 is not our rest.
 Happy those whose dearest do not keep
 their heart-strings strained to bursting!
 Happy the patriot whose soul is not wrung
 by his country's sorrows and burdens.
 Why are we thus kept always under
 strain? God lets the wind be contrary
 to teach us to set ourselves against it,
 and master it, that we may remain mas-
 ter forevermore. We are kings, and we
 must conquer our kingdom. Life and its
 mystery is only explained by eternity.
 We understand but dimly now; yet, as
 we mount higher, we shall comprehend
 what is true progress, and the strength,
 patience, courage, hope stored up with-
 in. These are the true gains of life. God
 will not suffer us to rest on anything
 else. True rest begins only when the
 current of our thought and will runs

parallel with the thought and will of
 God.

The Master is watching how the lessons
 prosper. Not from on high, not from
 some safe retreat, but there in the midst
 of the storm He is watching. Nay! He
 is drawing nigh in the very crisis of the
 danger and distress. He enters the ship,
 and the danger is over!

Wonderful as is the life-voyage and the
 winds and currents that are suffered to
 set against it, wonderful as are the toils
 and dangers to which God wills we should
 be exposed, the most wonderful of all is
 the deliverance which is sure to come;
 and weeping and toil is turned into
 praise.

The Master, who holds all things in
 His hand, shares through the dark and
 dreary night the toil and peril of His
 pilgrims, and in His own time He will
 come and will not tarry.

Our storm-tossed ship, strained by the
 gale and swept by the seas, is yet the
 vessel which shall bear Christ and His
 fortunes!

"Jesus Deliverer!"
 Come Thou to me;
 Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over life's sea—
 And when the storm of death
 Roars sweeping by,
 Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
 "Peace, it is I!"

The Mikado may have his eye on the
 Philippines and may desire them for his
 possessions, but recent statistics go to
 show that the Japanese as a people are
 not very much in love with the Philippine
 Islands as a place of residence. The re-
 cent report of the Philippine commission
 by the insular collector of customs for
 the fiscal year ended June 30th last, shows
 that but 277 Japanese went to the islands
 in 1906, as against 1,235 for the preceding
 year, 2,744 in 1904 and 1,072 in 1903.
 In 1905 37 Japanese left the islands.

The Mikado's subjects are far more in
 love with the United States than they are
 with the Philippine Islands, in spite of
 the San Francisco incident.

Mr. Shonts resigns his canal position
 for a more lucrative job elsewhere, and is
 a jolly good fellow, Mr. Wallace,
 who was handed one of the most stingy
 rebukes on record for doing the same
 thing, may find his logarithms handy for
 figuring out the distinction.

Hon. B. Tillman declares that Speaker
 Cannon is a usurper. In the face of this,
 it may comfort the Senator to be ungen-
 erally assured that his stock of almost-
 humor is absolutely safe from burglary.

"In 1906 we imported an excess of \$100,
 000,000 of gold because we hadn't quick
 assets enough to run our enormous busi-
 ness," says the Lewiston Journal. Maine
 journalism seems to be lumping along.

Local quotations on New York Aldermen
 furnish a staggerer for pessimistic
 economists who have been complaining
 that the cost of the necessities are ad-
 vancing all along the line.

Alligator flesh is said to taste almost
 exactly like veal. If you find that your
 butcher has been taking advantage of
 this little coincidence, compel him here-
 after to let you look at the label.

Miss Ellen Terry insists that, in her
 forthcoming tour she will visit only the
 civilized portions of the United States.
 Miss Terry, we fear, will be put to some
 little inconvenience in avoiding landing
 at New York.

Michigan's new Senator started his
 career as a popcorn vendor. His tumble
 in life, however, may have been due to
 circumstances wholly beyond his control.

On Thursday, Governor Magoon climbed
 out of a window and trod out a fire
 on the palace roof. Fireman's hose is
 sometimes not in it with half-hose.

Still, it must be admitted that the com-
 plaints against the automobiles come only
 from that insignificant element of the
 population which uses the street cars.

Mr. Harrison, however, must not feel
 surprised at finding himself classed with
 the principal arguments for government
 ownership of railways.

Meanwhile, we are anxiously awaiting
 a decision from the Anti-Profanity So-
 ciety as to the free use of "The Gatun
 dam-sit."

An elephant takes up the collection in
 some of the Hindu temples. No doubt he
 often has to bear the reproach of being
 a white one.

The objective of the St. Louis girl who
 announces that she can dress well on \$1
 a week, is, it would appear, to connect
 with the plunk.

Andrew Carnegie's proffered tip to the
 Grim Reaper still lies untouched. Death,
 whatever his other demerits, is no water.

The New Haven Health Officer's warning
 to desist from kissing will doubtless be
 fully honored in the breach.

It's all right for the melancholy days
 to come, but it is going a little too far
 when they insist on being waited around
 again.

The Joballey investigation promises to
 be of a duration which will fairly entitle
 the Senator to the title of the Texas
 Smoot.

But for the grammar of it, "Bangs Is
 Ruled Out" would read more like a
 capillary caption from the Ladies Own
 Journal.

A Swettenham, Bart., has our unquali-
 fied permission to go as far as his likes.

The country, it seems, is busy turning
 out a new professional class known as
 Ex-Engineers of the Panama Canal.

Chief Engineer Stevens's resignation is
 doubtless heading this way in the mails.

The barber is, after all, the great con-
 versational hair-splitter.

If it is true that Swettenham's resigned,
 then so are we.

If cooking does not kill bacilli, some of
 it must greatly amuse them.

Stewart Edward White, the author,
 has left his bungalow, in California,
 where he has lived for the last two
 years, and has joined the authors' colony
 in New York.

OLD BOOKS WANTED

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Rhymes for To-Day

The Rondeau.

THE rondeau's brief yet charming
 style,
 I'd die before I could revile:
 And, after mid topics, light and stray,
 And after mid topics, light and stray,
 That must allure a slow, pleased smile.

To pipe sweet themes that have no guile,
 And charm one's heart a little while—
 Yes, that would be, as lawyers say,
 The rondeau's brief.

Yet that's not all, by half a mile:
 The bard's lot, I'll be frank, is vile,
 Who has to write a poem per day,
 What though he loathed the rondeau,
 "Pray!"

He'd use it still, since—note his wife—
 The rondeau's brief.
 —H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

The Winning Smile.
 "Mame—I don't see how you got so stuck
 on that. He ain't good-looking nor nothin'."
 "Mame—I know he ain't, but didn't you
 never notice what a lot of gold he's got in
 his teeth?"—Philadelphia Press

Such a Foolishness.
 Mrs. Chugwater-Joshua, this paper says
 "municipal ownership is an ignis fatuus."
 What is an ignis fatuus?
 Mr. Chugwater—That's so plain that any-
 body ought to know what it means at first
 sight. "Ignis" means a "fire," and "fatuus"
 fat. The fat's in the fire.—Chicago Tri-
 bune.

Explaining His Heroism.
 "Bystander—You have certainly shown
 wonderful bravery in saving that man's life. Is
 that a relative of yours?"
 Hero—Relative? Oh, no! But he owes
 me \$100.—Savannah Journal.

Puzzling.
 Connected Actor—Yes, I inherited my tal-
 ent. Astonished Listener—Indeed? What
 did you do with it after that?—Detroit
 Free Press.

Casey's Union.
 Mike—Phew! union does Casey work for.
 Pat—His wife, his mother-in-law, an' alvin
 children.—New York Times.

Beats the Greeks.
 "There is nothing more enjoyable than
 when Greek meets Greek," remarked the
 wise Guy. (Unless it is when a girl who is
 dressed to kill meets a lady killer.) added
 the Simple Mug.—Philadelphia Record.

POINTS FROM PARAGRAPHS.
 "The Democrats who are talking about
 nominating Roosevelt for president next
 year succeed in their scheme, they will
 have a candidate who can be elected."
 —Philadelphia Press.

The good Dr. Day, of Syracuse, says that
 the poor are lazy and do not work. What
 a happy faculty that man has of en-
 deavouring himself to the people!—Philadelphia
 Ledger.

The American peanut crop is estimated to
 be at 25 per cent. of the yield of 1905.
 But we will probably manage to get along
 since there will be very little doing in
 politics this year.—Washington Post.

If a woman can't brag about her husband
 for anything else, it will be about how near
 he came to being a victim of a swindle when
 he was young.—New York Press.

The Texas Legislature having vindicated
 Senator Bailey by a resolution, will now
 proceed to investigate him.—Philadelphia
 Press.

"Swettenham is grateful," says a news
 headline. Probably thankful he didn't show
 up in London, he really is.—Philadel-
 phia North American.

COMMENT OF VIRGINIA EDITORS.
 Never Too Late.

George I. Long, an editor of Manson, Ia.,
 is about to enter college. The remarkable
 thing about it is that Mr. Long is fifty
 years old and has a wife and six children
 behind him. All his life he has desired a
 college education, but has heretofore been
 unable to realize his ambition. Now, that
 he has achieved financial independence, he
 turns back to his love of knowledge for its
 own sake, and shows a spirit that is all too
 rare among us. This man is a living argu-
 ment to the narrowness and pessimism of younger
 men, and shows a spirit that is all too rare
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